Did you paint anything else in Battleborough? Josiah asked.

Yes, I made a very good sketch of a Magistrate's Court, in a little room off the Market Piace. There was not much to be got out of the room. Four bare walls; for furniture, three chairs, a table, and a little space railed off in which men stood, charged with all sorts of crimes, from killing a rabbit to elaying a man. But I made very good portraits of the three sober, not to say stupid, men in the three chairs and of the clerk taking down the evidence.'

I suppose you did the prisoner?'

chairs and of the clerk taking down the evidence.'
I suppose you did the prisoner?'
Yes, I think I did him pretty well too, though that
was naturally the hardest job.'
'Have you got the sketch?'
'No, I could not bring it away.'
'How was that?'
'Well you, see, I did it with a black-lead pencil
on the wall of the cell to which I was removed,
after the three wise men in the three Windser
thairs had made up their minds to commit me for
trial on a charge of wilful murder.'
Frank said this so quietly, without the slightest
variation from the low, almost sleepy tone in which
be had been speaking, that Josiah thought it was a
toke.

loke. No.' he said, positively yawning as he rose and 'No,' he said, positively yawning as he rose and thrust the pipe-stom into its appointed receptacle. It is no poke. Ten years ago I was tried for wilful murder in this charming old town, and I suppose very narrowly escaped being hanged. So now, good-night. I will teil you all about it in the norming, if you care to know. But when a man has walked twenty-five miles, and only had eight pipes, he begins to feel in need of rest.'

Jusiah began to suspect that much smoking had made Frank mad.

Josiah came down to breakfast the next morning

Josiah came down to breakfast the next morning a little late, and with a general sensation of having laken in by the pores too much to baceo smoke. He rang the coffee room bell, and asked if the gentleman had breakfasted.

'Oh, no, sir,' said the landlady, evidently glad to get rid of Frank on any terms. 'He would not have any breakfast, but paid his bill, and told me to tell you he had gone for a walk, and that you were not to wait breakfast for him, as he might be late.'

'Paid his bill. Why, I thought he was going to

Paid his bill. Why, I thought he was going to stay here for some days.

Well, I hope not sir, said the bristling land-lady, permitting the long-pending storm to break forth. A gentieman who sits up till all hours of the night, and then smores in his bedroom, walk-ing about in his boots till the gentieman under-

ng about in his boots till the gentieman under-beath can't get a wink of sleep, is more free nor Josiah felt that all this was a little hard on him.

Josiah felt that all this was a little hard on him. Life in Battleborough had been very pleasant till Frank burst in upon its silent scene. Josiah was accedingly comfortable at the hotel, and was the object of several of those delicate attentions which is andladies pay to quietly disposed gentlemen who go to bed at decent hours, and don't smoke in the boffee-room. He was getting on nicely with his great work on Underground England—which it may be desirable to explain has nothing to do with mines, but gives what Josiah trusts will be found an interesting account of archeological vestiges of the carlier desizens of these islands.

Josiah did not get on very well with his work, which required a cool head and undisturbed nerves. He was certain Frank would turn up again. It was impossible to sit down to write with the feeling of expectation that the silence would be broken by the sound of a heavy foot on the stairs, and that the faint scent of the crocuses would be smothered by the vile smell of a pipe.

Frank did not come. But the second marning

she was a very pleasant presence in a house which could no more have gone on without her than the mill could have ground corn if the stream had sud-denly run dry.

The miller came in to tea, and, though he smelt a little strongly of flour, was otherwise agreeable to the fastidious taste of Josiah. To look at him as he sat at his own table with thin white hair straggling to his shoulders, wrinkled face, lack-lustre eyes, and an air of absolute and hopeless dejection, one would have guessed his age as seventy-live. It was occasionally when his niece spoke to him that his aspect changed, and then momentarily came back to him the strength and cheerfulness which stand by sixty when a man has lived happily and is prosperous.

The old gentleman seems in low spirits to-day,' Josiah observed to Frank.

It was night, and they were sitting in the room which served for breakfast, dinner, tea and supper. At 10 o'clock the miller, his niece and the whole establishment were accustomed to retire to rest, and half an hour later were probably asleep. Frank was not able to fall in with these pleasing manners, and was accustomed to sit up later in order to smoke a pine. Josiah would rather have gone to bed, but his inclination was not of much consequence at any time, and none at all when in company with Frank Fisher. It seemed good to Frank to sit up late and smoke. He preferred to do it with company, and, willy nilly, Josiah sat up with him, getting his clothes odiously impreguated with tobacco smoke.

A little low to-day, isn't he! Josiah repealed apologetically, for Frank had not replied to his first

with him, getting his clothes odiously impregnated with tobacco smoke.

A little low to-day, isn't he? Josiah repealed apologetically, for Frank had not replied to his first remark, being overcome by one of those fits of staring steadily into the fire the while he puffed.

He is much the same as usual, or as he has been any time these last ten years, he answered presently.

Oh! said Josiah, I thought perhaps flour had gone up or down, or the boiler had burst at the mill, or something unpleasant had happened.

No, Josiah, we are somewhat advanced beyond that stage. At the period of our history with which you are bost acquainted they may have had boilers in water-mills, but in the present day they see the

NEW YORK DAILY THURNEY, SUNDY

THE SELECTION OF THE PROPERTY O

worthy of her.

She was not at the hour the guest had arrived what the female heads of households are accustomed to call 'dressed.' She had on only a plain black dress, for the better protection of which she wore an apron. But the apron was maile after the fashion known as bib, and few things more ravishing had met the eyes of Josiah since he discovered that coin of the Emperor Hadrian which Tom Purvis, casting about for some means of giving pleasure to a valued friend, had purchased from a dealer and planted over-night under a cairu in Argyleshire, one summer when he and Josiah were the style that we photograph, and can purchase at a shifling each, with a reduction on taking a quantity. Yet when Josiah came to reckon up her features as he sat in his bedroom, he could not quite understand how it was that she certainly failed in claiming such preeminence. Perhaps it was her mouth that was a little too large, though when it was open to laugh, as cecasionally befel, it was filled with such pretty teeth that it seemed secrety fair to complain that so full a view was obtained of them. She had soft brown eyes, surely made to laugh of teart that they did. Josiah did not permit himself to speculate as to what distance from the mill egot after the house. She had soft brown eyes, surely made to laugh of teach the work was obtained of them. She had soft brown eyes, surely made to laugh of teach of the head. Josiah was sure she had pretty hands, a fittle brown, but soft withal.

Perhaps she was not a beauty because she had pretty hands, a fittle brown, but soft withal.

Perhaps she was not a beauty because she had pretty hands, a fittle brown, but soft withal.

Perhaps she was not a beauty because she had pretty hands, a fittle brown, but soft withal.

Perhaps she was not a beauty because she had commenced, the account-book which Jack had com

died, without even a momentary return to sensibility.

'The police being summoned, commenced in due form a search for "a clew." On the middle noor of the mill, where it was evident the murderous attack had commenced, the account-book which Jack had entered the mill to balance was found lying open. Up to the forty-third entry made in the new year, all were in Jack's handwriting. Two later enties had been made in the handwriting of the miller himself. On the page headed "Pebruary 20, 1870," were spots of blood in two places smeared over, apparently in an attempt to wipe them off. There were spots of blood on several of the pages, but they were smeared only on this particular page. Twelve or thirteen leaves were indented, as if they had been struck with some heavy pointed instrument. On the lower floor, nearer the place where Jack was found, the police picked up a mill-punch covered with blood. From the general appearance of the place all the witnesses examined at the inquest arrived at the conclusion that Jack had been on the middle floor engaged in making up his accounts when the attack had commenced, and that he had struggled with his assailant, who, overpowering him, had thrown him through the opening in the floor into the room below. There was some talk in the neighborhood about these entries male in continuation of Jack's work, evidently done at some time subsequent to the moment at which he had been engaged with the books when broken in upon by his murderer. But the miller was able to explain the matter. "Sometimes," he said in reply to the coroner "the deceased neglected to make entries in his account-book when he was in the habit of receiving money from me. He neglected to make evo on Saturday, and I made them yesterday,"—that is to say, on the day following that of the murder of his nephew, when the blood on the leaves could scarcely be dry. But of course, painful as these circumstances are in a family, business must be attended to.

'It was after the first adjournment of the inquest that the police poun

must be attended to.

'It was after the first adjournment of the inquest that the police pounced upon me. Hargraves had, in a natural attempt to call to mind all circumstances in the recent history of his nephew, mentioned our quarrel of Saturday. To the mind of a country policeman the whole dark landscape was forthwith illumined. We had quarrelled; he had struck me, and I—what had I done f Why, taken him up as easily as a child might be lifted, and had dropped him into the mill-stream. What could be clearer than that I had repeated this symnastic per-

Mary was greatly fluttered, as any maiden might be in similar circumstances, but Frank's eccentric nonchalance communicated itself to her. If he took misters so coolly, why should she be in a flutter? Accordingly after the first few moments' agitation natural in face of this apparition from the supposed dead. Mary was slicing cold ham for Frank's luncheon with as perfect equanumity and more then as much grace, as was displayed by Charlotte when weither first saw her cutting bread and butter.

The miller was not able to take matters so quietly. Frank's coming was more than that of an old friend long lost to sight of eye or touch of hand. He brought with him the memory of terrible days that had seemed to be fast folded in the grave.

The dead boy was daily with them at meat, though he filled no chair and claimed no part in the conversation. The influence of his presence was seen in the miller's ever-deepening grief, which seemed, as it increasingly possessed him, to absorb all the grosser parts of his nature, leaving him as simple as a child and as gentle as a woman. In Frank the chilling influence of the nameless guest was displayed in his fits of taciturnity and his increased consumption of tobacco.

Only Mary seemed unconscious of the proximity. fe. Mary was greatly fluttered, as any maiden might

guest was displayed in his fits of taciturnity and his increased consumption of tobacco.

Only Mary seemed unconscious of the proximity.

She had loved her brother, and passionalely mourned his untimely death. But there was per-haps another sorrow beand up with it which, un-consciously mingled, had taken the elasticity out of her steps, much of the taughter out of her eyes, and had made her a woman before her time. Josish observed that whenever Frank spoke to the miller's niece his face beamed with a suddon flush of delight.

Mary prattled all the way to church with Frank, and Frank talked to her with as light a heart as if he had never made that sketch on the bare wall of a room at Battleborough which at other times seemed burned into his memory.

'How wise these young people think themselves as compared with us!' Josiah reflected. 'A little common sense and courage would put all right. She loves him and he loves her. But he goes prowing round in the early morning and sitting up late at night, creating nightmares for himself and brooding over mysteries, till be will have his brain addled and his blood soured. She doesn't know what to make of it, but is proud and modest, and perhaps keeps Frank off when at times he might find himself enjoying a lucid interval. I will sit up with him one night more and talk to him plainly.'

With which resolution Josiah fixed his spectacles so se to get the range of the pulpit, and having put on an appearance of profound attention, which gradually drew the rector unconsciously to address himself to him personalls as being the most attentive member of the congregation, he closed his eyes and recaptured twenty minutes sleep filched from him over-night by Frank's unwholesome habits.

It was a slumberons morning, closed in by a peaceful evening. With the fall of darkness came the snow, long threatening. Eliandale drew up its chair round the fire and enjoyed the absolute peace of the Sabbath evening. Nowhere was it more peaceful than at the mill cottage. When supper was over, Mary brought the great Bible in which the names of innumerable Hargraves were entered, and the old man read with clear voice the hundred and second Psalm. 'My days are consumed filke smoke, and my boose are burned as an hearth. My heart is smitten, and withered like grass; so that I forget to eat my bread. . . My days are like a skeadow that declineth; and I am withered like

closely and quietly.

Creeping gently up the staircase with Josiah exceedingly close at his neels, they heard the miller talking in a loud and angry voice. He seemed to have someone with him, though the other made no antible reply to his bitter reproaches and passionate denunciation. When they reached the level of the floor, and could look in, they saw that the miller was alone. He had taken oil the thick overcoat and pushed the woollen cap back over his forehead. He was standing by a plain deal desk, set against the wall, which in the day-time was used by the clerk who had taken the place once filled by Jack. In fact, the desk was in exactly the same place where it was on the Sunday morning when Jack sat at it for the last time.

The miller had placed the lantern on the desk with the dark side toward the staircase, leaving all that part of the room in deep shadow. He stood with his left clow on the desk, his right hand nervously grasping the thick black norn Josiah had seen him take up out of the kitchen. The light of the lantern shone full on his face, which was distorted by passion. The account-book lay open on the desk, and the miller was apparently expostulating with someone in reference to its condition. But as far as the shivering Josiah could make out, there was no one in the room, and he watched with growing herror the eyes of the miller, blazing with passion, apparently fixed upon Someone whom he saw sitting on the stool.

'A good-for-nothing lazy lad!' the miller was

there was no once eyes of the miller, blazing with passion, apparently fixed upon Someone whom he saw sitting on the stool.

'A good-for-nothing lazy lad!' the miller was shouting at the top of his voice when the two guests from the cottage came within hearing. This is a pretty return you make me for all I have done! I had no call to take you out of the squaler in which your time-gentleman father left you. If it had been me who was in his shoes and him in mine, I warrant he would have left me and mine to starve. But I take you up, give you a good home, grudge you no pocket-money, don't ask you to do too much for it, and look here! Here are three accounts that I can call to mind at the moment which you don't enter in the book, and which, if I had not chanced to look over the list, would never have been asked for. I am not going to work

three accounts that I can call to mind at the noment which you don't enter in the book, and which, if I had not chanced to look over the list, would never have been asked for. I am not going to work this mill for nothing or for good-for-nothings. You will have a week to think of it. Next time a thing like this happens, you leave the place, go your own way, and if ever I catch you writing to Mary, or trying to see her when you have once left the mill. I will bundle her out after you, and you may both go and starve in line-gentleman fashlor.'

As the miller said these words his voice rose almost to a scream. There was lying by the open book a mill punch, which whilst he spoke he had taken up in his left hand, and as he uttered this last threat he smote the iron punch with pointed end downward into the open account book, piercing it at every blow.

"Ha!" he screamed, 'you'll strike your uncle! Take that,' and with his left hand he struck at the air above the stool, where Josiah instinctively felt the head of the lad, would be, supposing he were sitting there in the body. Leaping backward as if he himself had been struck in the face, the miller made as if he were closing with an antagonist. With panting breath, but otherwise in grimmest silence, the old man fought with his ghostly adversary, stumbling and struggling about the room, till he beat the invisible Something against the wall, and then stood backfregarding it. Suddenly he made a dash at the chains which passed from floor to floor through the middle of the room, and beat on them fiercely with his stick, from which Josiah ga/hered with horrid distinctness that the lad, having been beaten down in the corner of the room, had, in a moment of desperation, attempted to rush across the room in the direction of the startence, but had been caught at the chains, which he clung to till beaten off by his uncle.

'I can stand this no longer,' said Frank, and without further attempt at oncealment he entered the room, with Josiah cleaving to him as a stadow. The miller ha

Begs his violin to play— Sways the chords with jewelled fingers.

While the thrilling tones that rise Stop the teeming tide of truffic, As the genius in disguise Moves their souls with sounds scraphic. And the scorned one, scorned so long, Keaps, with gratitude and gladness, All the harvest that the thropg Shower in storms of gleeful madness.

Ah! sometimes, too, when the bard,
Silent, sad, is slowly turning
From the world, whose cold regard
Wears his heart with wasted yearning;

From the realm of greater souls
Floo, to touch the lips that falter,
Some bright scraph, with the coals
Caught from an immortal sitar.

So commissioned, so inspired, Ah! what eyes with rapture glisten, While he sings, with genius fired, And the world stands still to tisten.

WILFRED B. WOOLLAM.

CHARLES KINGSLEY ON PRAYER.

A Leter Just Printed in The Speciator.

"You are a sanguine man, my dear sir, who ask me to solve for you the riddle of existence, since the days of Job and Solomon, since the days of Socrated and Buddha; the especial riddle, too, of our time, with its increased knowledge of physical science. But what I seem to know, I will tell you.

Knowing and believing a great deal of the advanced physical science of Darwin's school, I still can say I do not believe in the existence of Law, Laws of Nature, Laws impressed, or 'properties impressed on Matter,' are to me, after careful analysis of their meaning, mere jargon. Nothing exists but WILL. All physical laws and phenomena are but the manifestations of that Will,—one, orderly, utterly wise, utterly benevolent. In Him, 'the Father,' I can trust, in spite of the horrible things, see, in spite of the fact that my own prayers are not answered. I believe that He makes all things work together for the good of the human race, and of me, among the rest, as long as I obey His will. I believe that He will answer myprayer, not according to the letter, but according to the letter, but according to the spirit of it; that if I desire good, I shall find good, though not the good which as plantoms of my own imagination, always ready to reappear, but always certain, likewise, to vasiah to respect that life. Your's, very truly. C. Kingsley. Eversley Rectory, Winchafeld, Dec. 23, 1862.

A gentleman called, who gave Mr. Fields a pleasant sneedote of Halleck. He and his wife chanced to be coming to Boston in the same car with Halled the year before his death. He intended to stop a Stamford, which was then his home, but being in conversational mood to their surprise he did not move when they arrived at that station. "Are you move when they arrived at that station." Are you move when they arrived at that station. "Are you move when they arrived at that station." Stanford, which would be their surprise he did not conversational mood, to their surprise he did not move when they arrived at that station. "Are you not to stop at Stamford to-day!" the lady asking the looked up in amazement, saying, as he took in triend's hand, "The conversation of your wife he so interested and absorbed me that I have been what never occurred before in the course of my long lite, unconscious of the journey." The good lady had scarcely opened her lips; but what gening for listening!—(Mrs. Fields's Diery.